

# Mohave County Miner.

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## Hoodooing Sales.

Of all God's cattle, roaming at large on the face of the earth, the backcapper is the worst. He wages war against the prosperity of the community in which he lives and performs the dog in the manger act whenever an opportunity presents itself. He is found, more or less, in all vocations, but the field in which he delights to revel—in which he can kick his heels the highest and snort the loudest is the mining industry. Here his diversified talents for slander and misrepresentation find ample scope. Knowing that capital is timid, especially when seeking investments upon a large scale as is usually the case in mining deals, the backcapper recognizes his golden opportunity to gloat. He oils up his hoodoo, sees that every part of its delicate machinery is in perfect order, and then gets a focus on the would-be purchaser. Usually he brings down his game, and with a large invoice of satisfaction in stock proceeds to hunt for another victim. His most glittering triumphs are registered when the sale of a mining property is almost consummated, and when its reputation is as sensitive to slander as the good name of a pure woman. It is then that he approaches the buyer with the statement that he hopes the seller will do well in letting go of the property for he could do nothing with it himself, on account of reasons known only to those on the inside. With language of this type, covert insinuations that may mean little or much, he frightens capital into indefinite delay and finally perhaps succeeds in preventing the deal. Thus a loss is inflicted upon the seller who lacks the money to work the property—upon the buyer, who misses the opportunity of a lifetime to quadruple his wealth, and upon the community that loses the industrial value of a producing mine. The backcapper is actuated by one of two motives—the hope that he can deflect capital from its avowed purpose into channels more profitable to himself or to inflict injury upon the would be seller. The first move he tries to justify on business grounds; the second he never acknowledges. Human experience has shown over and over again, that no man ever added a substantial prop to his own business interests by pulling down those of his fellow man; and to inflict loss upon others, to the detriment of the community, is like derailing a passenger train to get even with the conductor. There are few mining districts in this state where the deadly backcapper has not operated with success. Many districts have surrendered to the virus of his hoodoo and gone into permanent retirement. While the wildcatter is busy trying to swindle the would be investor, the backcapper is equally busy, in a more quiet way, trying to prevent the sale of desirable properties. Each is in his own way a pest. Both are enemies to the communities in which they operate and should become the targets for popular disapproval. With higher standards in the mining industry the wildcatter

and the backcapper will be forced out of the field, and the waters of oblivion will close in over the tribe, for like O'hello, their occupation will be gone—Western Mining World.

## Largest Pump in the World.

The largest pump in the world is at Lake Linden, Mich., and is owned and operated by the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, says the Chicago Record. The Calumet and Hecla pump, named the Michigan, is a truly marvellous piece of mechanism. It can deliver 2,500,000 gallons of water every hour in the 24 without being crowded to its limit of capacity, and it will do the work with scarcely as much noise as is made by the operation of an old-style sewing machine. Outside the doors of the great building which houses it no sound is heard from within, and, standing beside the monster, upon the brink of the pit connected with the lake from which the water is taken, almost the only sound heard is the noise of the suction, as with every stroke more than a thousand gallons are lifted. Briefly it is a triple expansion pumping engine with a capacity of 60,000,000 gallons, standing nearly fifty feet in height and requiring 1,500 horsepower for its operation. It has been proved by actual tests that the nominal capacity can be easily maintained for an indefinite time without injury or strain, and that if pushed to its full capacity the pump would handle approximately 75,000,000 gallons of water in twenty-four consecutive hours. The duty of the pump is to furnish water for the great stamp mills of the Calumet and Hecla company. The pump is housed in a special building near the shore of Lake Torch and below the mills, and it forces a steady stream of water to the upper portions of the mill, where innumerable small jets play upon the great slime tables and jigs. Here the specific gravity of the fine particles of copper contained in the rock separate the mineral from worthless sand, and the size and force of the streams of water are so nicely regulated as to wash away the sand and yet carry with it the minimum of copper.—Western Mining World.

A group of men on the street corner were discussing the evil of "gun packing." Some thought it a good thing to do, some thought it otherwise. Every man is entitled to his own opinion on this, as in all matters; but, boys, I have seen the west as but few men have seen it, and I have seen "gun plays" of "all sizes and forms." I have never known a man to use a gun, but what he was sorry for it afterward, even when used in actual self defense. Men quarrel, get angry, say unkind things of and to each other, but none of these things justifies the use of a "gun." If there is no gun in the pocket a man's anger will cool off and there will be no evil results, but if the "gun is on the hip," the disgrace of a killing, arrest, imprisonment, and all the attendant evils must be waded through. Boys, for our own sakes, and for the sakes of those who love us, let us "pack nary a gun"—Jerome News

## A Prospector in Luck.

The Press of Wallace, Ida., says: Dame Fortune calls on a man once in a while when least expected. One of the latest to come under her benign influence is Frank Peters, a prospector in the Pierce City country. Peters is a miner by profession, and for sometime was employed at Granite Mountain, Mont. For some reason best known to himself he decided to try his luck prospecting, and for about two years and a half has made a rather slim living in the country where he is now located, by placer mining, hunting and trapping. Early in May he started to run a ditch in what is known as Dutchman gulch, to carry water to a placer claim in the gulch adjoining. He had just got fairly started when he uncovered a lead showing free gold. As near as can be learned the vein is eight to ten inches thick and runs from 900\$ to 4,000\$ a ton. The ore is free milling and when last heard from Peters had several thousand dollars in sight in the claim. He is an industrious, sober man and it would be hard to find one more deserving of good fortune.

The strike has created considerable excitement. All the adjoining ground is located. The Gaffney boys own a claim next to Peters' which they think will turn out equally as well. The property is located about 23 miles south of Pierce City on the Lolo trail. Deputy Assessor Dowd says Peters has a fortune in sight.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars is in session in Prescott and the old Hasayamper stands on the corner and looks askance at the well dressed delegates. They are a puzzle to him. He has withstood a great many modern innovations. He viewed with mild indifference the invasion of the Salvation army, gazed at the Eastern dude with still milder contempt, and even watched the evolution of the new woman with reasonable complacency, but he looks with suspicious disapproval, to say the least, upon a lot of folks who come around and open up a crusade against the time honored custom of indulging in his "mornin's mornin'"—Tombstone Prospector.

## A Howling Mistake.

Assistant United States Attorney Franklin, recently returned from Prescott, says a curious, but painful mistake

occurred in the jail there during the late term of federal court. Jose Sandoval, a Mexican, had been convicted of selling liquor to Hualapai Indians and had been sentenced. After he was remanded he wanted the sentence read to him again, as he had imperfectly understood it. The interpreter, a harness maker named Calles, was sent for. He had a copy of the sentence in his pocket with a lot of other papers. Taking out what he thought was the sentence he began to read, the words proceeding from his mouth as from a phonograph. Suddenly Sandoval began to howl and scream. He dashed against the bars of his cage and created an outcry that alarmed everybody in the vicinity, but nobody more than the interpreter, who thought the prisoner had gone crazy. It transpired that instead of having read Sandoval's sentence he had been reading a copy of the sentence of Jim Parker, who is to be hanged in a few days. It was some time before Sandoval could be restored to quiet. When the nature of the mistake was finally explained to him, still pale and grinning through his tears, he said in broken English, that he thought that was a hell of a sentence for selling a bottle of whisky to an Indian.—Republican.

With silver used alone for art purposes, not as money, the people would continue to grow poorer, more coined silver would be unloaded on the commercial market, and as only the rich could purchase silver art work, the price would be so low silver could no longer be mined, says the Salt Lake Tribune. But should that time ever come it will find the world retrograding to barbarism faster than since, through a scarcity of money and the rule of priest craft and king craft Europe went down into the night of the middle ages; when men ceased to be fit for soldiers and women were unfit to become the mothers of soldiers, and only the surgery of years, of war and revolution, could cure the disease and wipe out the crime.—Record.

Destitution has followed the adoption of the gold standard in Chili, and impoverished workingmen are appealing to the Brazilian minister for permission to form a colony in Brazil. The trail of the snake is seen wherever the gold standard has been adopted as the financial policy.—Record.

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## Notice.

Notice is hereby given that neither the  
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will be responsible for any debts con-  
tracted by the lessees of said mine.

J. S. WITHERS,

Kingman, March 4, 1897.—tf.